

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS ; *

OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IV.

THE OLD CHAMBER.

THE whole ceremony of Gwynplaine's investiture, from the entry under the king's gate to taking the test-oath in the glazed circular recess, had taken place in a sort of dimmed light.

Lord William Cowper had not allowed himself, Chancellor of England as he was, to receive too precise an account of the disfigurement of the young Lord Fermain Clancharlie in all its details; he thought it beneath his dignity to know that a peer was not handsome, and felt that he would be lowered by the boldness of an inferior giving him such information. Doubtless, a man of the people takes pleasure in saying, "This prince is a hunchback." Therefore, to be deformed is an offence to the dignity of a lord. To the few words which the queen had addressed to him on this subject, the lord-chancellor had contented himself with replying: "A lord has his lordship for face." He had understood the thing in a general way, through the depositions which it had been his duty to verify and certify. Hence some precautions.

The face of the new peer might, on his entrance into the chamber, cause a certain sensation. This possibility it was important to obviate. The lord-chancellor had taken his measures. The fixed idea and rule of conduct for serious personages is to avoid any thing like a scene. Dislike of incidents is an element of gravity. It was necessary to contrive that the admission of Gwynplaine should pass off quietly, like that of any other heir to a peerage.

For this reason, the lord-chancellor had appointed the reception of Lord Fermain Clancharlie to take place at an evening session. The chancellor being porter, *quodammodo ostiarius*, say the Norman charters, *januarum cancellorumque potestas*, says Tertullian, he can officiate outside the chamber on the threshold, and Lord William Cowper had used his right, by going through the formalities of Lord Fermain Clancharlie's investiture in the glazed circular recess. Moreover, he had arranged that the new peer should make his entry into the chamber before the session had commenced.

As to the investiture of a peer on the threshold and outside the chamber, there were precedents for this. The first hereditary baron created by patent, John de Beauchamps of Holdcastle, made Baron of Kidderminster, in 1387, by Richard II., was received in this manner.

In renewing this precedent, however, the lord-chancellor was creating for himself a difficulty, the inconvenience of which he perceived less than two years after, on the occasion of Viscount Newhaven's entry into the House of Lords.

Being, as we have said, short-sighted, Lord William Cowper scarcely noticed Gwynplaine's deformity; the two lords, his sponsors, did not notice it at all. They were two old men, nearly blind.

Better still, the lord-chancellor, having only seen Gwynplaine's height and figure, found him "very good-looking."

At the moment when the door-keepers opened before Gwynplaine the great folding-door, there were only a few lords in the chamber. These were almost all old men. Old men are the punctual ones in meetings, just as they are the attentive ones in ladies' society. On the dukes' bench there were but two dukes, one entirely white with age, the other gray-headed, Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, and Schonberg, who, German by his birth, French by his marshalship, and English by his peerage,

expelled by the Edict of Nantes, after having made war on England as a Frenchman, made war on France as an Englishman. On the benches of the lords spiritual, there was only the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England on the upper row, and on the lower row Doctor Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely; the doctor was conversing with Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, who explained to him the difference between a gabion and a courtine, and between palisades and "strawberries." The palisades are a range of posts before the tents to protect the encampment, and the "strawberries" a ring of sharpened stakes under the parapet of a fortress, to prevent the besiegers from scaling and the besieged from deserting; and the marquis was showing the bishop how you "strawberry" a redoubt, putting half the stake into the ground and leaving half out. Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, was near a candelabrum, examining a plan of his architect's for making in his garden at Long Leate in Wiltshire, a lawn called "checkered sward," with alternate diamonds of turf, yellow sand, red sand, sea-shells, and fine charcoal powder. On the viscounts' bench was a crowd of old peers, Essex, Ossulstone, Peregrine, Osborne, William Zalestem, Earl of Rochford, and among them some young ones of the party which did not wear wigs, surrounding Price Devereux, Viscount Hereford, and discussing the question whether an infusion of Apalachian holly was tea. "Almost," said Osborne. "Quite," said Essex. All which was attentively listened to by Pawlett Saint-John, cousin of the Bolingbroke who afterward was to some extent Voltaire's teacher, for Father Porée began Voltaire, and Bolingbroke finished him. On the marquises' bench, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Kent, lord-chamberlain of the queen, was telling Robert Bertie, Marquis of Lindsay and Lord-Chamberlain of England, that two French refugees, Monsieur Lecoq, ex-counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and Monsieur Ravenel, a Breton nobleman, had won the great prize of the great English lottery in 1694. The Earl of Wymes was reading a book entitled "The curious Custom of the Sibylline Oracles." John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, famous for his long chin, his gaiety, and his eighty-seven years, was writing to his mistress. Lord Chandos was paring his nails.

As the session about to take place was a royal session, in which the crown would be represented by commissioners, two assistant-doorkeepers placed before the throne a bench of flame-colored velvet. On the second woollack was seated the master of the rolls, *sacrorum criniorum magister*, who was then lodged in the old house of the converted Jews. On the fourth woollack, the two under-clerks, on their knees, were turning over the leaves of registers.

But now the lord-chancellor took his place on the first woollack; the officers of the House took theirs, some sitting, some standing; the Archbishop of Canterbury rose and uttered a prayer; and the session began. Gwynplaine had already entered, some time before, without any one noticing him; the second bench of the barons, where his place was, being near the bar, he had but a few steps to take. The two sponsor lords had seated themselves on his right and left, which fact nearly concealed the presence of the new-comer. Without any warning, the Parliament clerk had read in a low voice—whispered, so to say—the various documents concerning the new peer, and the lord-chancellor had proclaimed his admission in the midst of what the reports call "general inattention." Every one was talking. There was in the House that hubbub during which assemblies do all sorts of dark things, which sometimes astonish them afterward.

Gwynplaine had seated himself in silence, bareheaded, between the two old peers, Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel.

On entering, according to the instructions which king-at-arms had given him, and the sponsor lords had renewed, he had saluted the royal seat.

So it was all over. He was a lord.

This height, under the splendor of which he had, all his life,

* Referred, according to Act of Cong., in the year 1889, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

seen his master Ursus bend in terror, this prodigious elevation, he had under his feet. He was in the place, at once the most brilliant and the darkest of England.

Ancient summit of the feudal mountain regarded by Europe and histories for six centuries. Terrible aureole of a world of shades.

His entry into this crown of light had taken place. It was irrevocable.

He was there at home.

In his own house, on his own seat, and like the king on his throne.

He was there, and henceforth nothing could prevent his being there.

That royal crown, which he saw under the dais, was the sister of his crown. He was the peer of that throne.

In the presence of majesty he was lordship. Less, but like.

Yesterday, what was he? An actor. To-day, what is he? A prince.

Yesterday, nothing. To-day, every thing.

Sudden confrontation of wretchedness and power, meeting face to face in one destiny, and forming all at once the two halves of one consciousness.

Two phantoms, adversity and prosperity, taking possession of the same soul and pulling it each a different way. Sad partition of an intelligence, a will, a brain, between these two hostile brothers, the poor spectre and the rich spectre. Abel and Cain in the same man.

V.

LOFTY PEATLE.

By slow degrees, the benches of the Chamber were filled. The lords began to arrive. The order of the day was a vote on the bill augmenting, by a hundred thousand pounds sterling, the annual dotation of George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband. Beyond this, it was announced that divers bills, assented to by her Majesty, were to be brought into the Chamber by the crown commissioners charged and empowered to sanction them, which elevated the sitting into a royal one. All the peers wore their parliamentary robes, over their court or ordinary dress. This robe, similar to the one in which Gwynplaine was clothed, was alike for all, save that the dukes had five bands of ermine with a gold border, the marquises four, the earls and the viscounts three, and the barons two. The lords entered in groups. They had met together in the lobbies, and continued the conversations begun there. Some came singly. The costumes were solemn; the attitudes were not; nor the words. All, on coming in, bowed to the throne.

The peers were in crowds. This filling-in of majestic names took place, almost without ceremonial, the public being absent. Leicester entered and shook Lichfield's hand; then Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and of Monmouth, the friend of Locke, upon whose initiative he had proposed a general recoinage; then Charles Campbell, Earl of Loudoun, listening to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; then Dorme, Earl of Carnarvon; then Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington, son of the Lexington who had counselled Charles II. to drive away Gregorio Leti, a historiographer so ill-advised as to desire to be an historian; then Thomas Bellsey, Viscount Falconberg, that handsome old man; and, together, the three cousins Howard—Howard, Earl of Bindon; Bower-Howard, Earl of Berkshire; and Stafford-Howard, Earl of Stafford; then John Lovelace, Baron Lovelace, which peerage being extinct in 1736 permitted Richardson to introduce Lovelace into his book, and under this name to create a type. All these personages, variously celebrated in politics or in arms, and several of whom do honor to England, were laughing and chatting. It was like seeing history in undress.

In less than half an hour the chamber was almost entirely full. This was quite natural, the sitting being a royal one.

What was less natural, was the vivacity of conversation. The Chamber, so drowsy a little while previously, was now in a hub-bub like a hive disturbed. It was the arrival of certain belated lords, that had aroused it. They brought the news. Strange fact—the peers who were in the Chamber at the opening of the sitting did not know what had occurred there, while those who were not there knew it.

Several lords arrived from Windsor.

For some hours past, Gwynplaine's adventure had been noised about. Secrecy is a net; if one mesh is broken, all is torn. Since the morning, as the result of incidents mentioned above, all this story of a peerage found upon trestles, and of a mountebank identified as a lord, had made a stir at Windsor in the royal purlieus. Princes had talked of it; then the lackeys. From the court, the event had gained the town. Events have their weight, and the law of momentum is applicable to them. They fall upon the public and bury themselves therein with wonderful rapidity. At seven o'clock, this story had not got wind in London. At eight o'clock, Gwynplaine was the talk of the town. Only the few lords, who had come before the opening of the sitting, were uninformed about it, not being in the town where every thing is told, and being in the Chamber where they were aware of nothing. Whereupon, tranquil on their benches, they were apostrophized by the new-comers, all in excitement.

—Well? said Francis Brown, Viscount Mountacute, to the Marquis of Dorchester.

—What?

—Is it possible?

—What?

—The Man Who Laughs!

—What is the Man Who Laughs?

—You don't know the Man Who Laughs?

—No.

—It is a clown. A youngster of the fair. An impossible face, that you go to see for a penny. A mountebank.

—What then?

—You have just received him as peer of England.

—The man who laughs is yourself, my Lord Mountacute.

—I am not laughing, my Lord Dorchester.

And Viscount Mountacute made a sign to the clerk of Parliament, who rose up from his wool-sack, and confirmed to their lordships the fact of the new peer's admission. Details were added.

—Stay, stay, stay! said Lord Dorchester. I was talking with the Bishop of Ely!

The young Earl of Annesley came up to the old Lord Eure, who had not more than two years to live, for he was to die in 1707.

—My Lord Eure!

—My Lord Annesley?

—Were you acquainted with Lord Linneus Clancharlie?

—A man of the olden days? Yes.

—Who died in Switzerland?

—Yes. We were related.

—Who had been republican under Cromwell, and who remained republican under Charles II.?

—Republican? Not at all. He was sulky. It was a personal quarrel between the king and him. I hold from certain authority, that Lord Clancharlie would have come over, if the place of chancellor, that Lord Hyde had, had been given to him.

—You surprise me, my Lord Eure. I had been told that this Lord Clancharlie was an honest man.

—An honest man! Is there such a thing in existence? Young man, there is no honest man.

—But Cato?

—You believe in Cato, you?

—But Aristides?

—They did well in banishing him.

—But Thomas More?
 —They did well in cutting off his head.
 —And, according to your information, Lord Clancharlie...
 —Was of the same sort. Besides, for a man to remain in exile is absurd.
 —He died in exile.
 —An ambitious man, tumbled down. Oh! If I knew him? I think I did. I was his best friend.
 —Do you know, my Lord Eure, that he was married in Switzerland?
 —I can almost answer for it.
 —And that he had a legitimate son by this marriage?
 —Yes; who is dead.
 —Who is living.
 —Living!
 —Living.
 —Impossible.
 —Fact. Proved. Declared. Confirmed officially. Registered.
 —But then this son will inherit the peerage of Clancharlie?
 —He will not inherit it.
 —Why?
 —Because he has inherited it. It is done.
 —Done?
 —Turn your head, my Lord Eure. He is seated behind you, on the barons' bench.
 Lord Eure turned round; but Gwynplaine's face was hidden under his forest of hair.
 —Ha! said the old man, seeing only his hair, he has already adopted the new fashion. He does not wear a wig.
 Grantham accosted Colepepper.
 —There's a fellow who is over-reached.
 —Who's that?
 —David Dirry-Moir.
 —Why so?
 —He is no longer peer.
 —How's that?

And Henry Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, related to John, Baron Colepepper, the whole story—the stray bottle brought to the Admiralty, the Comprachicos' parchment, the *jussu regis*, countersigned Jeffreys, the confrontation in the penal vault of Southwark, the acceptance of all these facts by the lord-chancellor and by the queen, the taking the test-oath in the circular glazed recess, and, lastly, the admission of Lord Fermain Clancharlie at the beginning of the sitting. Then, both of them made an effort to distinguish, between Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel, the face of the new lord so much talked about; but without better success than Lord Eure or Lord Annesley had had.

Gwynplaine, for the rest, whether by chance, or by arrangement of his sponsors under advice of the lord-chancellor, was placed so much in shadow as to escape curiosity.

—Well, but where is he?

This was the cry of every one on arrival; but no one obtained a good sight of him. Some few, who had seen Gwynplaine at the Green-Box were in a fever of curiosity; but they hid their pains. As it happens sometimes that a young girl is suddenly closed in by a circle of dowagers, so Gwynplaine was as it were enveloped by several thicknesses of old lords, infirm and indifferent. Worthy folks, who have the gout, have not much sympathy as to stories told of others.

Hugh Cholmley, Earl of Cholmley, well versed in law, was interrogated from the bench of bishops by Nathanael Crew, who was doubly a peer—temporal peer, being Baron Crew, spiritual peer, being Bishop of Durham.

—Is it possible? said Crew.

—Is it in due form? said Cholmley.

—The investiture of the new-comer was made outside of the Chamber, pursued the bishop; but it is stated that there are precedents.

—Yes. Lord Beauchamp, under Richard II.; Lord Cheney, under Elizabeth.

—And Lord Broghill, under Cromwell.

—Cromwell doesn't count.

—How do you regard it all?

—In various ways.

—My Lord Earl of Cholmley, what will be the rank of the young Fermain Clancharlie in the Chamber?

—My lord bishop, the republican interruption having disturbed the old order of precedence, Clancharlie to-day is placed in the peerage between Barnard and Somers, so that, in case of a call for votes, Clancharlie would be the eighth to speak.

—Truly! A mountebank from the public haunts!

—The incident in itself does not astonish me, my lord bishop. Such things do occur. Others happen, still more surprising. Was not the War of the Roses announced by the sudden drying-up of the river Ouse in Bedfordshire, on the 1st of January, 1399. Now, if a river can fall dry, a lord may fall into a servile condition. Ulysses, King of Ithaca, followed all sorts of trades. Fermain Clancharlie has remained lord, under his wrapper of stage-player. The lowliness of dress doesn't touch the nobility of blood. But the taking the test-oath, the investiture otherwise than in session, although legal in a strict point of view, may give rise to objections. I am of opinion that we ought to have an understanding, so as to know whether there will be occasion hereafter to question the lord-chancellor formally. We shall see, in a few weeks, what there is to be done.

And the bishop added:

—It's all the same. It is such an adventure as has not been seen, since that of the Count Gesbodius.

Gwynplaine, the Man Who Laughs, the Tadcaster Inn, the Green-Box, *Chaos Conquered*, Switzerland, Chillon, the comprachicos, the exile, the mutilation, the republic, Jeffreys, James II., the *jussu regis*, the bottle opened at the Admiralty, the father—Lord Linneus, the legitimate son—Lord Fermain, the bastard son—Lord David, the probable conflicts, the Duchess Josiane, the lord-chancellor, the queen—all this flew from bench to bench. Whispering is a train of powder. The details were seized upon. The whole adventure caused an immense babble in the Chamber. Gwynplaine, in the very depths of reverie where he was, heard vaguely all this buzzing noise around him, without knowing that it was on his own account.

Nevertheless, he was strangely attentive, but attentive to what profoundly underlaid all this—not to what was on the surface. An excess of attention becomes isolation.

A noise in a Chamber does not hinder the sitting from pursuance of its course, any more than the dust raised by a troop hinders its march. The judges, who in the Upper Chamber are only simple assistants—unable to speak, unless interrogated—had taken their places upon the second wool-sack, and the three secretaries of state upon the third. The eldest sons of peers crowded their compartment behind the throne, within and without. The peers, minors, were on their special bench. In 1705, these little lords were no fewer than a dozen: Huntingdon, Lincoln, Dorset, Warwick, Bath, Burlington, Derwentwater, destined to a tragical death, Longueville, Lonsdale, Dudley and Ward, and Carteret, which made up a troop of little brats of eight earls, two viscounts, and two barons.

Within the enclosed space, upon the three rows of benches, each lord had regained his seat. Nearly all the bishops were there. The dukes were numerous, beginning with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and ending with George Augustus, prince electoral of Hanover, Duke of Cambridge, the latest in date, and consequently the last in rank. All were in order, according to precedence: Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, whose grandfather had sheltered at Hardwick the ninety-two years of Hobbes; Lennox, Duke of Richmond; the three Fitzroys, the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, and the Duke of Northumberland; Butler, Duke of Ormond;

Somerset, Duke of Beaufort; Beaulieu, Duke of Saint Albans; Pawlett, Duke of Bolton; Osborne, Duke of Leeds; Writhiosley Russell, Duke of Bedford, having for motto and device, *Che sera sera*, that is to say, the taking things as they come; Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; Manners, Duke of Rutland; and others. Neither Howard, Duke of Norfolk, nor Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, were in session, being Catholics; nor Churchill, Duke of Marlborough—our Malbrouck—who was at the war, and was beating France at that moment. There were no Scotch dukes then, Queensbury, Montrose, and Roxburghe having only been admitted in 1707.

VI.

UPPER AND LOWER.

SUDDENLY, there was a vivid brilliancy in the Chamber. Four door-keepers brought in, and placed on the two sides of the throne, four lofty candelabra, garnished with wax-lights. The throne, thus lit up, appeared to be in a sort of luminous purple. Empty, but august. The queen thereupon would not have been much of an addition.

The usher of the black rod came in, with his wand raised, and said:—Their lordships, her majesty's commissioners.

All the hubbub was hushed.

A clerk, in wig and gown, appeared at the great door, holding a fleur-de-lysé cushion, on which sundry parchments were visible. These parchments were bills. To each was hanging, by a silken tress, the bill or ball—sometimes of gold—which gave rise to the appellation for the laws, of *bills* in England, and of *bulls* at Rome.

Behind the clerk came three men in peers' robes, and with plumed hats on their heads.

These men were the royal commissioners. The first was Godolphin, lord high-treasurer of England; the second was Pembroke, lord-president of the council; the third was Newcastle, keeper of the privy seal.

They walked one behind the other, according to precedence, not of their title, but of their office. Godolphin at the head, Newcastle last, though duke.

They advanced to the bench before the throne, made an obeisance to the royal chair, took off and put on again their hats, and seated themselves upon the bench.

The lord-chancellor looked at the usher of the black rod and said:—Summon the Commons to the bar.

The usher of the black rod went out.

The clerk, who was a clerk of the House of Lords, placed upon the table, within the enclosure made by the wool-sack, the cushion whereon were the bills.

There was an interruption, that lasted several minutes. Two door-keepers placed in front of the bar a stepping-stool with three steps. This stool was in carnation-colored velvet, whereon fleurs-de-lys were designed in gilded nails.

The great door, which had been reclosed, was opened again, and a voice cried out:

—The faithful Commons of England!

It was the usher of the black rod, who announced the other half of Parliament.

The lords put on their hats.

The members of the Commons' House entered, preceded by the Speaker, all bare-headed.

They stopped at the bar. They were in ordinary dress, for the most part in black, and wearing swords.

The Speaker, the Right Honorable John Smythe, Esquire, member for the borough of Andover, mounted the stool that was against the central part of the barrier. The mouth-piece of the Commons wore a long black satin gown, with loose slashed sleeves, and trimmed with gold frogs in front and at the back. He was majestic, but inferior.

All the Commons, Speaker and members, remained in attendance standing up and bareheaded, before the peers, seated and with hats on.

Among the Commissioners might be remarked, the Chief Justice of Chester, Joseph Jekyll, also three of her Majesty's sergeants-at-law, Hooper, Powys, and Parker, James Montague, solicitor-general, and the attorney-general, Simon Harcourt. With the exception of a few baronets and knights, and nine lords by courtesy, Hartington, Windsor, Woodstock, Mordaunt, Grandby, Scudamore, Fitzharding, Hyde, and Berkeley, sons of peers and heirs of peerages, all the rest were of the people. A sort of sombre and silent crowd.

When the noise caused by the steps of all these in-comers had ceased, the erier of the black rod, at the door, said:

—Oyez!

The clerk of the crown stood up. He took, spread out, and read the first of the parchments laid upon the cushion. It was a message from the queen, naming, to represent her in Parliament, with power to assent to bills, three commissioners, to wit . . . —Here the clerk raised his voice:

—Sydney, Earl of Godolphin.

The clerk bowed to Lord Godolphin. Lord Godolphin raised his hat. The clerk continued.

—Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and of Montgomery.

The clerk bowed to Lord Pembroke. Lord Pembroke touched his hat.

—John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle.

The clerk bowed to Lord Newcastle. Lord Newcastle acknowledged it by a movement of his head.

The clerk of the crown reseated himself. The clerk of Parliament got up. His under-clerk, who had been on his knees, stood up behind him. Both were facing the throne, and turning their backs to the Commons.

There were five bills upon the cushion. These five bills, voted by the Commons and approved by the Lords, were waiting the royal assent.

The clerk of Parliament read the first bill.

It was an act of the Commons, which charged upon the state the embellishments made by the queen at her palace of Hampton Court, amounting to a million sterling.

The reading concluded, the clerk bowed low to the throne. The under-clerk repeated the salutation more profoundly still; and then, half turning his head to the Commons, said:

—The queen accepts your gifts, and wills it thus.

The clerk read the second bill.

It was a law condemning any one to prison and fine, who should evade service in the train-bands. The train-bands—troops that are trained, or drawn, wherever ordered—constitute that citizens' militia which serves gratis, and which, under Elizabeth, at the approach of the Armada, had supplied a hundred and eighty-five thousand foot-soldiers and forty thousand horsemen.

The two clerks made a new obeisance to the royal chair, after which, the sub-clerk, with his side-look, said to the House of Commons:

—*La reine le veut.* (The queen wills it.)

The third bill increased the tithes and prebendal emoluments of the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, which is one of the most richly endowed in England, granted an allowance for the cathedral, augmented the number of canons, and enlarged the deanery and the livings, "so as to provide," said the preamble, "for the necessities of our holy religion." The fourth bill added new imposts to the budget: one on marbled paper; one on hackney-coaches, fixed at the number of eight hundred in London, and taxed fifty-two pounds each per annum; one on advocates, attorneys, and solicitors, of forty-eight pounds, per head, per annum; one on tanned hides, "notwithstanding," said the preamble, "the complaints of the artisans in leather;" one on soap, "notwithstanding the protest of the city of Exeter and of Devonshire, where much serge and cloth is manufactured;" one on wine, of four shillings a cask; one on flour; one on barley and hops; and renewed for four years—"inasmuch as state necessities," said the preamble, "ought to supersede the remonstrances of commerce"—the duties on tonnage, varying from six pounds, Tours currency, for vessels coming from the west, to eighteen pounds for those coming from the east. Finally, the bill declaring insufficient the ordinary capitation tax, already levied for the current year, wound up with a general and additional tax of four shillings, or forty-eight pence, per head, with proviso that any persons, refusing to take the newly-ordered oaths in favor of the government, should pay double the amount above named. The fifth bill forbade the admittance of any patient into the hospital, unless he deposited a pound sterling, on entrance, to pay for his burial, in case of death. The last three bills, like the first two, were, one after the other, assented to and made law by a salutation to the throne, and by the four words of the sub-clerk, *la reine le veut*, addressed, over his shoulder, to the Commons.

Then the sub-clerk went down again on his knees before the fourth wool-sack, and the lord-chancellor said:

—Let it be done, as desired.

This ended the royal sitting.

The Speaker, bent in two before the chancellor, descended backward from the stool, arranging his robe behind him. The Commons present bowed down to the ground; and while the Upper Chamber, without paying any attention to all these reverences, resumed its interrupted order of the day, the Lower Chamber went its way.

AUGUST 14,

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